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The recent arrival in India of those two distinguished Musical Professors, MADAME BIANCHI and MR. LACY, has given birth to much enquiry, and roused a feeling of expectation that surpasses all ordinary bounds. The testimony of the best judges at Madras, who had listened with as much surprise as pleasure to their astonishing and captivating powers, had reached us almost before we had heard of their landing on our Indian soil, and we took occasion then to express how highly our hopes were raised preparatory to their arrival here.

We deem ourselves particularly fortunate in having it in our power now to present to our readers, from the most unexceptionable source, a masterly account of MR. LACY's talents, which will prove how highly they are estimated in England, where the state of taste and knowledge is such as to give unqualified admiration to nothing short of absolute perfection.

We have before spoken of the rank which MRS. BIANCHI LACY held in the musical world at home, and though our knowledge was gleaned only from the casual notices of her performances at some of the great concerts, which appeared in the English Papers of the day, we have it now in our power to speak more directly to that point, on the authority of a new and popular Work, devoted exclusively to Musical Science and Musical Biography.

This Work reached us among a number of other late publications from England, by the last arrivals, and from the Third Number of it, *The Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*, we select the notice of MR. LACY's talents before spoken of, and the few following remarks on the general accomplishments of his amiable partner, which is given in a Note at the foot of a Letter addressed to the Editor of that Work, on the Character of Musicians.

The Writer of this Letter speaks in terms of admiration at the general diffusion of solid knowledge, as well as refined accomplishment, among the present Members of the Musical profession; to which the Editor subjoins the following note.

'In confirmation of our Correspondent's opinion, we can quote from our own knowledge instances of artists, who have (at a later period of life) reached a still more elevated advancement than that described in the text. Miss PARKE, a lady who stood deservedly high, both in private and public esteem, had made attainments in science, in language, and in literature, which were astonishing, when combined with the exercise of her professional duties; and MRS. BIANCHI LACY was not less gifted. The acquirements of these two accomplished women would have done honour to any condition of life, and in point of brilliancy and solidity, are matter of just surprise to those who knew how incessantly their time was occupied by public calls. Both of them spoke and wrote their native language with great purity and elegance, besides Italian and French with the spirit and accuracy of natives. Both were well versed in the classical authors of their own country. They were both among the first piano-forte players of their time, and the finest singers. We believe the former added a knowledge of Spanish to her other acquisitions, and the rooms of the latter were embellished with the productions of her pencil. They were both endowed with excellent hearts and with enlarged intellects. They were both received into the very highest circles in the kingdom, with the respect such talents demanded. The one still lives to adorn a private station, and the other, we lament to say, at the call of conjugal affection, has just quitted her country, her children, and her friends, together with an ample income, for India. MR. LACY's health requiring a change of climate. She carries with her to the East, such recommendations as few have enjoyed, in addition to those which must accompany her every where. We hope a warmer air will restore MR. LACY to the fullest exercise of those talents which had just begun to be known, and which had placed him at the very summit of professional attainment in England.'

This is such a flattering testimony to the professional talents, the refined acquirements, and the private and domestic virtues of MRS. BIANCHI LACY, as must be read with emotions of pleasure by all her fair countrywomen, and with feelings of admiration by all; and if in England, in the bosom of wealth, and rank, and splendid talent, she was received as one entitled to the highest distinctions that all these could bestow, it is impossible, we are persuaded, but that India will display an emulative rivalry, in endeavouring to make her patronage worthy of the high call which brilliant talents and unblemished character here make upon society at large.

The article on MR. LACY's excellence is too interesting to be abridged, and too well drawn up to need amendment. We therefore give it, unaltered from its original form.

'We consider MR. LACY to be without question the most legitimate bass singer, the most accomplished in various styles, and altogether the most perfect and finished, that has appeared in this country.—And if he has not been heard so frequently as to give his reputation the wide diffusion that his merits him entitle to expect, it is owing to the following causes, which since they very materially affect the public exercise of the art, and the rise of concert singers in general, may have a place here.

Those who do not examine very scrupulously the constitution of the public concerts in London, are apt to suppose, that nothing is so easy as for talent to open to itself an avenue to the favor of a metropolitan audience, and through that medium to the kingdom at large. Far from it; there is nothing more difficult. Till this season there were only two established concerts of repute in London. The concert of Ancient Music is in the hands of directors, who not only must be well satisfied of the claims of any candidate for a place in their orchestra, but they also, with a commendable spirit of justice, look to the past services of their singers, and it seldom happens that individuals are displaced, who continue to maintain a fair professional reputation. Mr. Bartleman has, therefore, with the exception of periods of indisposition, constantly retained the lead as the bass singer there. Of the vocal concerts at Hanover-square, he is a proprietor. The oratorios, therefore, are the only places left open to the competition of new performers, and even here there are circumstances which might well forbid a singer's appearance. There are also, it is true, the benefit concerts, but it will naturally follow, that the parties are anxious to obtain the assistance of those of most repute. Thus the rights of prescription throw so many impediments between a young singer and the public, that many years must pass away before an opportunity is afforded him of becoming extensively known. Add to these circumstances, that bass voices are seldom, we may say never, calculated to make those instant and striking impressions that belong to voices capable of great force and display of execution. They have rarely any thing of such a character assigned to them. It is no wonder, then, if a singer of this description creeps more slowly into estimation than those of any other class. In the instance before us there are also other drawbacks. Mr. Bartleman and Mr. Bellamy were from their childhood constantly before a London audience. MR. LACY is still young; he was educated at Bath, under Rauzzini. He came out in London before his singing had received that superior richness and polish it has now obtained; during the short time he has been before the public, he has been immediately employed at provincial meetings, and lastly he has passed a considerable period in his studies in Italy. We lament to add, that at the very moment when his talents are matured, and when his country has begun to be gratified by his powers, and might be greatly benefited by his example, the state of his health has determined him to try a warmer climate; and, probably, before this sheet meets the public eye, he, with Mrs. Lacy, by far the most able of our native female singers and instructors, will be on their voyage to Calcutta.

MR. LACY is endowed by nature with organs of great strength and delicacy. His voice is rich and full toned, particularly in the lower notes. His natural compass is from E to F, or about 16 notes. His ear is so remarkably accurate, and the muscles of his throat so formed by practice, that they are rarely even affected by the indisposition under which he so continually labours. If he can sing at all, he sings in tune. In point of intonation, he therefore equals, if he does not exceed, every other singer we ever remember to have heard. But what affords a more certain proof of his quickness in discriminating sounds, as well as of the facility with which he can use and apply the powers of his voice, is the faculty of imitation which we happen to know he can exercise with extraordinary accuracy in respect to similitude, and with great variety of purpose both in singing and speaking. Nor is it a less remarkable proof of good taste and sound judgment, as well as versatility and resource, that his singing is pure and original. In it there is not the faintest trace of the manner of any other performer, except that natural resemblance, if we may so call it, which appertains to singers who have been trained upon the principles of one school, and who belong, as it were, to the same musical family. Thus the same principles of voicing, and even of gracing, may be perceived to be common to MR. BRAHAM and MR. LACY, as derived from their master, Rauzzini; but nothing that can be called imitation, can be traced in his style. Direct imitation, in our mind, always indicates the want of the natural and wholesome strength that attend poverty of conception and a barren genius. "The man that follows must always go behind" is a homely truism, but it is precisely to our point. MR. LACY, on the contrary, acts upon his own conceptions; and as circumstances have enabled us to acquaint ourselves with his method of procedure, we can state, of our own knowledge, that he first well considers the intentions of the composer—the scope of the capabilities of the song, and weighs them in conjunction with his own particular powers of expression. When he has matured his own notions, he is never backward to compare them with the judgment of others, but is anxious to correct his outline and his execution, by the most careful consideration of such objections as are offered to him, or by the observation of any changes or refinements introduced to his notice by others. We do not esteem his imagination to be so fervid as that of MR. BARTLEMAN, nor his expression, in particular instances, so strong—but as a whole it is more pure, chaste, and polished, more enriched by the study and understanding of the different acceptations of different national schools, and consequently more diversified and universal. In framing these disquisitions upon the professional acquirements of great singers, we find ourselves irresistibly drawn into repetitions and samenesses, and even must thus make an apolo-

gy; and in order to preclude the supposition that we blunder into tautology, we must refer to our article in our second number for a coinciding remark to that which we now make. Mr. Lacy has compared ideas of expression, purely English, with those of enlightened foreigners; and though he sings English like an Englishman, his style, in respect of conception, is (as we esteem it) purified and elevated by his more intimate study and acquaintance with the modes of expression in use among other nations. He is not deficient in what we are tempted to call the poetry of his art, but his fancy is guarded and fenced round by chastity of design, not less than by the caution which a very nice and difficult taste, with respect to execution, always places upon his aims at effect. His singing of the older masters, of Handel, Arne, Pergolesi, &c. (Purcell we never heard him attempt,) is fine, marked and vigorous, but always sober, and never turgid or theatrical. Such we conceive to be the true portraiture of Mr. Lacy's singing, so far as it evinces his apprehension of the intentions of the poet and the composer.

In point of Tone, we consider that Mr. Lacy exceeds every bass singer we ever heard. We have already spoken so much at length upon this head in our character of Mr. Bartleman, that little remains. We must even be guilty of repetition, even when we say that Mr. Lacy's tone is strictly Italian, formed according to the method of the teachers of that country, and that it never varies from the top to the bottom of his voice in quality. But this is not the only design. We have seen, that in this respect, namely, uniform voicing, Mr. Bartleman complies with the condition of the general problem for the formation of tone: Mr. Lacy, however, conforms in all the other particulars we have so largely described above. His tone is pure, sweet, rich, and, for a bass, it is very brilliant. It is susceptible of every sort of various expression, without departure from the original principle of its production; it is capable of following the singer to blend the most perfect articulation of words either with its largest volume or its most attenuated reduction; and, finally, none of these principles are disturbed by the most rapid execution. In glee it forms a sound and delightful foundation. Almost every individual auditor indulges himself in imagining the possible effects of tone, and this excessive property of the fancy rather than the judgment, is encouraged and fed by the recollection of the effects produced by all sorts of singers. Thus, without reflection, we are apt to linger for the brightness and ductility of a soprano, or for the force of a tenor, even while we are listening to the grave round and full tones of a bass—and it is not without an effort that these illusive and impossible desires are banished. With an exception for this ideal extravaganza, which we believe is not peculiar to ourselves, for who does not build castles in the air? we may safely say, that Mr. Lacy's tone has always satisfied us, whether in English or Italian music—whether in Handel, Arne, Gagliardi, Haydn, or Mozart—in the solemn magnificence of "*Shall I in Mamre's fertile plains*," in the more fervent description of "*Now Heaven in fullest glory shone*," through the elegant and fanciful payfulness of "*Vedete la vedete*," or the powerful though mixed expression of "*Non più andrai*," down to the direct levity of "*S'incelinas prendi moglie*," of Rossini, (a thing by means easy of execution by the way) or the boarder comedy of "*Se finto in corpo avete*." These several compositions, which are essentially contrasted each to the other in style, afford a diversity neither less nor lower than the several various gradations in Mr. Bartleman's select performances; and it is no derogation to that eminent singer to say, that Mr. Lacy is in none of these second to that eminent singer, even in his most successful performances.

One of the main though almost inseparable ingredients in the portion of satisfaction which this gentleman's singing affords, in his articulate and beautiful pronunciation, more particularly of the Italian tongue. Here he gives legitimate employment to his discrimination and to his imitative powers, which must have contributed vastly to facilitate his acquisition of all the niceties of Italian Orthodoxy. We must fairly avow, that nothing has done so much towards liberalizing our honest English predilections, as hearing the Italian singing of Mr. \* and Mrs. Lacy. An Englishman has much to unlearn as well as to learn before he can be completely gratified by Italian singing. At the Opera his prejudices are not unfrequently strengthened and confirmed by the theatrical vehemence with which the features of every thing are enlarged. It is not, we must repeat, until we have become tolerably familiar with the points in which the Italian differs from the English expression of sentiment and passion, that we are so reconciled to new impressions, as to be able to allow admission to a just sense of the beauties of Italian execution. The songs and duets of Mr. and Mrs. Lacy are certainly freed from all the redundancies of the Italian stage, while the sweetness, congruity, finish and delicacy of ornament, peculiar to the Italian school, are preserved in their pristine excellence. Hence, the parts at first most obnoxious, (the frequent use of *Portamento* for instance, to which English ears are least accustomed and learn to bear the latest) are softened down, and we are gradually led to delight in the smooth lubricity, luxuriant elegance, and voluptuous tenderness, which court our senses into intense and delicious satisfaction. Nothing can be more marked and more distinct than the elementary parts of Mr. Lacy's singing English and Italian, yet each is chastened and refined by the other. We have now and then observed a tendency to the introduction of vowels between consonants in his English, after the manner of the Italians; as "*for I am in a trouble*" instead of "*for I am in trouble*;" such a lapsus is, however, very rare indeed, and it is the only error we ever observed in his enunciation. But what constitutes the highest order of the department, his general cast of ex-

pression is truly superior, is greatly various, and even when most forcible, preserves a purity and subdued temper, which shews his understanding of his art to be at once vigorous and sensible, and that he blends the tact of a gentleman with the enthusiasm of the musician. This distinction is observable through all his deportment in an orchestra.

In science Mr. Lacy is generally informed. He is a superior player upon the pianoforte and thoroughly understands accompaniment. We do not mean to confine this phrase to the mere application of chords, but to extend it to all the expedients for setting off the composition to the best advantage. He is thoroughly conversant with the business and detail of an orchestra, and can, we believe, play on a stringed instrument. He reads music with the surest facility, and is perfectly acquainted with the limits which the laws of harmony impose upon the use of ornament. He is, however, so unfortunately near sighted, that the best printed music is almost illegible to him by candle light. This impediment at once embarrasses and distresses him, for it occasions a never ceasing dread of error, from which nothing frees him, but committing every thing he sings to memory, a labour, which were it to be overcome by industry, is often impracticable from circumstances.

Much of what we had to say of his execution has been gathered from the preceding notices. His facility is, however, extraordinary, and we can assure our readers, from private observation, that this facility ministers to a fancy not less exuberant and fertile than is his power of rapidly running through passages. In public, Mr. Lacy generally confines himself to bass singing, and except in such air as those of Crescentini, we have seldom witnessed any exhibition of that volatility which we know he possesses. We have heard him in private sing some of Mr. Braham's songs of agility with as rapid, neat, and articulate execution as that gentleman himself. But such excursion is not even yet allowed to bass singers in an orchestra, although the former boundaries upon the imagination have been removed, and the domain is enlarged by modern authority and practice.

To conclude our article, we can only repeat what we said at its commencement, that we regard Mr. Lacy, in point of power, finish, and variety, to be the finest bass singer that has yet appeared. We estimate his Italian something more highly than his English singing. But his numerous excellencies can only be discovered by such a series of performances, as we enjoy during those provincial meetings called Musical Festivals.

The principles upon which he has been taught and upon which he has studied, any judge of vocal art will perceive before he has given half a dozen notes, as well as the rare extent of his natural endowments. These constitute the superiority, and principally, we should say the first, the excellent rudiments of instruction, to which he has submitted himself. We regret exceedingly for this reason his departure from England, at a moment when bad taste is propagating in all directions; when the prominent defects of Mr. Braham's violencies and extravagancies, and when the radical error of Mr. Bartleman's school have made, and are making lamentable havoc with the rising generation of singers. The beautiful, elegant, and graceful propriety of Mr. Vaughan goes far to abate the vehement proneness to imitation of the former in every class above the vulgar, and we had formed hopes that Mr. Lacy would have assisted to demonstrate the justness of the principles we have endeavoured to describe and establish. But it has happened otherwise, and therefore it remains to us only to bid this gentleman farewell, and to wish him, as we do, with a sincerity of heart, not less warm than our admiration of his public qualifications demands at our hands every good that those qualifications, great and various as they are, give him the fullest title to expect from the new world into which he is about to cast himself. It is in sorrow, that we say to him, and to the admirable and affectionate partner of his life and his voyage—*Vive Valeque*.

**English Artists at Rome.**—Mr. Lane, the historical painter, has nearly finished, at Rome, an immense picture of the Angel appearing to Joseph and Mary when in Egypt. This work, we understand, has excited high admiration among the Roman artists; Canova, in particular, has procured permission for its author to exhibit it, when completed, in the Pantheon, and ensured him his diploma from the Roman Academy. A few years since, and the Italian *Virtuosi* would as soon have expected a great work of art from a Calmuck as an Englishman; so strongly had prejudice entrenched itself, that even the energies of Reynolds and Barry had been marshalled in vain against the maudlin metaphysics of Winckelman and Dubois. Peace to these sapient drivellers, let them sleep with their systems! Our students are at length obtaining for us a glorious viatication, in extorting the admiration of the Italians by works performed before their own eyes, and planting the standard of their country in the very citadel of art.

**New Fire Places.**—Dr. Arnott, directing his attention to the advantage of an equal temperature in rooms occupied by persons suffering under pulmonary complaints, has invented a new apparatus for attaining that object. It consists simply of a glazed metal frame or window, fitted to the chimney-piece, and placed before the fire, so as perfectly to cut off the communication between the room and the fire-place. The fire is fed with air by a tube from without, and ventilation is effected by openings near the ceiling, either into the chimney or staircase. The inventor asserts that the benefits of this plan are, a nearly uniform temperature throughout the room, the total prevention of currents or drafts of air, the saving of fuel, the general raising of temperature in the house, and the exclusion of smoke or dust. For such blessings he thinks we might bear the eye-sore of looking at our fires through a window, and opening a pane occasionally to admit the poker; not having seen the apparatus, we can only notice its pretensions without being able to say whether it will or will not maintain them.

\* So considerable were Mr. Lacy's attainments thought by the Italians, that he was offered engagements at the Operas of Florence and Milan. Since his return, he has also declined an engagement at the King's Theatre.



## Lord Byron.

We have received as we before announced, a copy of the *Vampyre*, the horrid Tale that was at first attributed to the pen of Lord Byron, and since acknowledged to be the production of some other Writer.

Though we feel, in common with every other admirer of this splendid genius, the strong influence of his name in our estimation of works ascribed to his pen, yet we can hardly believe that we could have been brought to admire this Tale of the *Vampyre*, even if it had still been thought to have been written by him.

As our own perusal of it has afforded us but little or no satisfaction we shall not intrude it on our readers, though we have found affixed to the same Pamphlet an Extract of a Letter from Geneva, containing some anecdotes regarding this Poet's life and occupations, which we deem of sufficient interest to offer instead of the gloomy Tale which it precedes. The portion of the Letter which is published, is as follows:

"I breathe freely in the neighbourhood of this lake; the ground upon which I tread has been subdued from the earliest ages; the principal objects which immediately strike my eye, bring to my recollection scenes, in which man acted the hero and was the chief object of interest. Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is the bust of Rousseau—here is a house with an inscription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney, the residence of Voltaire; where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible character, received, like the hermits of old, the visits of pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe. Here too is Bonnet's abode, and, a few steps beyond, the house of that astonishing woman Madame de Staël; perhaps the first of her sex, who has really proved its often claimed equality with the nobler man. We have before had women who have written interesting novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them; but never since the days of Heloise have those faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman. Though even here, as in the case of Heloise, our sex have not been backward in alleging the existence of an Abelard in the person of M. Schlegel as the inspirer of her works.

But to proceed: upon the same side of the lake, Gibbon, Bonnard, Bradshaw, and others mark, as it were, the stages for our progress; whilst upon the other side there is one house, built by Diodati, the friend of Milton, which has contained within its walls, for several months, that poet whom we have so often read together, and who—if human passions remain the same, and human feelings, like chords, on being swept by nature's impulses shall vibrate as before—will be placed by posterity in the first rank of our English Poets. You must have heard, or the Third Canto of *Childe Harold* will have informed you, that Lord Byron resided many months in this neighbourhood. I went with some friends a few days ago, after having seen Ferney, to view this mansion. I trod the floors with the same feelings of awe and respect as we did, together, those of Shakespear's dwelling at Stratford. I sat down in a chair of the saloon, and satisfied myself that I was resting on what he had made his constant seat. I found a servant there who had lived with him; she, however, gave me but little information. She pointed out his bed-chamber upon the same level as the saloon and dining-room, and informed me that he retired to rest at three, got up at two, and employed himself a long time over his toilette; that he never went to sleep without a pair of pistols and a dagger by his side, and that he never eat animal food.

He apparently spent some part of almost every day upon the lake in an English boat. There is a balcony from the saloon which looks upon the lake and the mountain Jura; and I imagine, that it must have been hence, he contemplated the storm so magnificently described in the Third Canto; for you have from here a most extensive view of all the points he has therein depicted. I can fancy him like the scathed pine, whilst all around was sunk to repose, still waking to observe, what gave but a weak image of the storms which had desolated his own breast.

The sky is changed!—and such a change; Oh, night!  
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
And Jura answers thro' her misty shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be  
A sharer in thy far and fierce delight,—  
A portion of the tempest and of me!  
How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
And now again 'tis black,—and now the gleec  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now where the swift Rhine cleaves his way between  
Heights which appears, as lovers who have parted  
In haste, whose wining depths so intervene,  
That they can meet no more, tho' broken hearted;  
Tho' in their souls which thus each other thwarted.  
Love was the very root of the fend rage,  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed—  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age.  
Of years all winter—war within themselves to wage.

I went down to the little port, if I may use the expression, wherein his vessel used to lay, and conversed with the cottager, who had the care of it. You may smile, but I have my pleasure in thus helping my personification of the individual I admire, by attaining to the knowledge of those circumstances which were daily around him. I have made numerous enquiries in the town concerning him, but can learn nothing. He only went into society there once, when M. Pictet took him to the house of a lady to spend the evening. They say he is a very singular man, and seems to think him very uncivil. Amongst other things they relate, that having invited M. Pictet and Boustetten to dinner, he went on the lake to Chillon, leaving a gentleman who travelled with him to receive them and make his apologies. Another evening, being invited to the house of Lady D—— H——, he promised to attend, but upon approaching the windows of her ladyship's villa, and perceiving the room to be full of company, he set down his friend, desiring him to plead his excuse, and immediately returned home. This will serve as a contradiction to the report which you tell me is current in England, of his having been avoided by his countrymen on the continent. The case happens to be directly the reverse, as he has been generally sought by them, though on most occasions, apparently without success. It is said, indeed, that upon paying his first visit at Coppet, following the servant who had announced his name, he was surprised to meet a lady carried out fainting; but before he had been seated many minutes, the same lady, who had been so affected at the sound of his name, returned and conversed with him a considerable time—such is female curiosity and affection! He visited Coppet frequently, and of course associated there with several of his countrymen, who evinced no reluctance to meet him whom his enemies alone would represent as an outcast.

Though I have been so unsuccessful in this town, I have been more fortunate in my enquiries elsewhere. There is a society three or four miles from Geneva, the centre of which is the Countess of Breuss, a Russian lady, well acquainted with the *agrémens de la Société*, and who has collected them round herself at her mansion. It was chiefly here, I find, that the gentleman who travelled with Lord Byron, as physician, sought for society. He used almost every day to cross the lake by himself, in one of their flat-bottomed boats, and return after passing the evening with his friends about eleven or twelve at night, often whilst the storms were raging in the circling summits of the mountains around. As he became intimate, from long acquaintance, with several of the families in this neighbourhood, I have gathered from their accounts some excellent traits of his lordship's character, which I will relate to you at some future opportunity. I must, however, free him from one imputation attached to him—of having in his house two sisters as the partakers of his revels. This is, like many other charges which have been brought against his lordship, entirely destitute of truth. His only companion was the physician I have already mentioned. The report originated from the following circumstance: Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelly, a gentleman well known for extravagance of doctrine, and for his daring, in their profession, even to sign himself with the title of *Ææon* in the Album at Chamouny, having taken a house below, in which he resided with Miss M. W. Godwin and Miss Clermont, (the daughters of the celebrated Mr. Godwin) they were frequently visitors at Diodati, and were often seen upon the lake with his Lordship, which gave rise to the report, the truth of which is here positively denied.

Among other things which the lady, from whom I procured these anecdotes, related to me, she mentioned the outline of a ghost story by Lord Byron. It appears that one evening Lord B. Mr. P. B. Shelly, the two ladies and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work, which was entitled *Phantasmagoriana*, began relating ghost stories; when his lordship having recited the beginning of *Christabel*, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelly's mind, that he suddenly started up and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon enquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived) he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression. It was afterwards proposed, in the course of conversation, that each of the company present should write a tale depending upon some supernatural agency which was undertaken by Lord B. the physician, and Miss M. W. Godwin. My friend, the lady above referred to, had in her possession the outline of each of these stories: I obtained them as a great favour, and herewith forward them to you, as I was assured you would feel as much curiosity as myself, to peruse the *ébauches* of so great a genius, and those immediately under his influence.\*

\* Since published under the title of "Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus."

## Late Earthquake in Sicily.

*Memoria storico-fisica sul Tremuoto, &c. An Historical and Physical Memoir on the Earthquake felt in Sicily in February 1818. By Dr. Agatino Longo, Professor of Experimental Philosophy in the University of Catania.*

The Memoir of which the following is an abstract, is divided into two parts: In the first, which is purely historical, we find the detail of the facts which preceded or followed immediately the Earthquake of the 20th of February. In the second part, the author attempts to explain the various phenomena observed, and purposes some reflections which this memorable event suggested to him.

He begins with some account of the Earthquake which took place in Sicily the 11th January 1693, one of the most terrible ever experienced in that country: the city of Catania was totally destroyed by it, 18,000 inhabitants perished under the ruins, and several towns and villages of the valley of Noto experienced the same fate. Severe shocks were felt at Palermo, the 1st of September 1726; and the earthquake which took place in Calabria on the 5th of February 1783, partly destroyed Messina, and spread terror at Catania, and the towns and villages situated in that direction. Since that time other shocks, more or less violent, have taken place in Sicily, but have done no great injury to the buildings, not even to those of Catania, though that town, by its proximity to Mount Etna, is most exposed to accidents of this kind. In 1810 a pretty severe shock was felt, accompanied by an undulatory motion, which lasted about half a minute; to the west of Catania was seen a flash, resembling lightning; the shock was repeated the following day, but without any damage; another slight shock was felt in the night of the 18th October 1817. But on the 20th of February 1818, at ten minutes past one o'clock, Italian time, the sky being serene, the moon shining bright, the air calm and temperate, not only the city of Catania, but the whole region which surrounds Etna, experienced a most violent convulsion, which occasioned great devastation in the towns and villages of that country, and extended to almost all Sicily, to Calabria, and even to Malta, but diminishing in intensity in proportion to the distance from the principal focus.

Some signs had preceded this formidable phenomenon. On the morning of that day the sea appeared calm; but from the effect of an invisible current, it dashed violently against the shores and shoals. The fishermen felt themselves as if repelled by an unseen force when they attempted to approach the rocks, partly covered by the water, which latter appeared to them to be sensibly warm. In the afternoon the waters of the Darsena were extremely low, and yet the waves approached from time to time with such violence, that passing the mole and the wall which rises above it, they broke on the opposite side as in a tempest: in lofty houses the bells rang of their own accord, and bodies freely suspended began to oscillate.

Ten days before an abundant rain had fallen, which continued during several days, without being accompanied by thunder or lightning; and the sea, which had been previously much agitated, had become perfectly calm. Etna had been tranquil ever since the month of October 1811; in the preceding years there was an excessive drought.

Towards sunset flames were observed in various parts, running along the ancient laras, and some subterraneous noises were heard: in several places inflamed vapours were seen to issue from the ground, and some persons said they had beheld vivid lightning upon the mountain; while others believed that they saw the lightning, which is the precursor of the Earthquake, pass rapidly over the heads of the inhabitants of Nicolosi. At Catania, however, and in the environs, the inhabitants were perfectly easy and secure.

The hour at which the disaster occurred rendered it less fatal, than if it had happened in the middle of the night. All the population was then awake and dispersed, except in a village of Etna, where the people were at church, as usual on Fridays during Lent.

In Catania, large masses of stones fell from the tops of buildings and beat in their roofs, but without killing or even severely wounding any person. Some of the inhabitants were affected by the fright, and one lady of advanced age died the same day in an apoplectic fit caused by terror. A large mass of lava, forming a natural vault above a rock, tumbled into the sea; a fisherman had happily moved from the spot a few moments before, impelled, as reported, by a secret instinct, to doubt of the solidity of the lava.

The hour when the shock happened cannot be fixed with precision; nor is the height of the thermometer or barometer known, or the quantity of rain which had fallen in the preceding days, there being no meteorological or astronomical observatory at Catania. It may however be taken for granted that the shock took place from the East to the West, or rather from SE. to NW. Opinions are also at issue respecting the total duration of the phenomenon; some limit it to ten seconds, others make it forty seconds. The author, taking a mean between these two extremes, supposes it may have been from 20 to 25 seconds.

It is thought that the motion began by shocks (*sussulto, soubresauts*), which changed into undulations that succeeded each other very rapidly; this was judged to be the case from observing that cisterns, full to the brim, partly emptied themselves by the effects of the oscillations. Some statues appearing after the Earthquake to be turned in a rather different direction from what they were before, it was inferred that the motion was complex and

vortical.\* A considerable mass of Syracusan stone was turned about 25 degrees from the East towards the South. The colossal statue of an angel, placed on the facade of a church, lost both arms, as if they had been lopped off with an axe, whence it was supposed that a large portion of electric fluid had been disengaged from the earth during the convulsion. This conjecture is confirmed by other circumstances, such as the bending of iron crosses at the tops of the churches: many persons saw also at the period of the shock, a flash of lightning, and other long streaks of flame, which descended into the sea. The inhabitants of the villages about Catania thought they saw the city surrounded with flames. Two very distinct shocks were felt very near together, the first only vertical, the second vertical and vortical: the latter was the most violent; it opened the doors and windows of the houses, and the ground seemed as if it was several times moved from its level; and it is certain that several walls opened vertically, and that the light of the moon entered the room through these openings, which however immediately closed, so as to leave but a scarcely visible trace of the rupture.

It may be easily imagined that the populous city of Catania was in consternation. Scarcely had the shocks ceased, when all the bells were set a ringing; from the ridiculous idea, as the Author confesses in a note, that this would prevent the return of the earthquake. If the city of Catania had the good fortune to escape severe injury, it was not so with other places. Mascalucia was half overthrown, and seven persons perished. Nicolosi, Trecastagne, and Viagrande, suffered considerably. At Aci-Catena, the churches were cast down, many other buildings injured; a convent of Monks was destroyed, and some of the Monks were buried in the ruins. At Zafarana, a village 48 miles distant, the roof of the church fell in and crushed thirty persons. At Catania itself, the following buildings received much injury: the house of the Minorites, the Cupola of the Church, the Convents of the Crociferi, the Agostiniani, the Franciscans, and of St. Agatha, the Hospitals of St. Mark and of St. Martha, the University, the Benedictine Monastery, the Seminary, and many private houses.

In the night of the following day, (21st February,) another, but slighter, shock occurred; and two other very violent ones, and of considerable duration, on the 28th, which did great injury in the Valle di Noto. We shall not follow the Author in his minute account of all the damaged edifices but merely observe, that in some places enormous masses of ancient lava, were rent asunder, from which there issued, at the moment, a slight flame.

A rise was observed in the waters about Aci-Catena, and in the salt waters near Paterno. In some places, a salt, clayey, and sulphureous water was observed to issue from the ancient lava; and the water in some wells became turbid a few days before the earthquake, which is a prognostic mentioned by Pliny. At a place called Paraspolo, five or six minutes before the shock, there suddenly issued from the ground, with great noise, 14 large jets of salt water, which rose to the height of 6 palms, embraced a space of about 20 canne,† and lasted about 20 minutes. The openings by which this water issued, were still so hot, two days after, that one could not put the hand in without pain. The plants about some withered, and about others continued to vegetate, which affords reason to suppose that they did not all emit salt water. Near this place there was a loud detonation like thunder, and fragments of mortar and bricks were found detached from the walls, and scattered in various directions, which the Author attributes to a sudden inflammation of gas below the building to which they belonged. It is said that the river Simeto ceased to flow at the moment of the shock, and afterwards suddenly resumed its course. The sea showed only a trifling undulation; but a bark, which was at anchor not far from the shore, grounded three times.

A short time after the shock, the air became thick, and the sky was covered with clouds, which in a few hours dispersed, and the moon again shone. No electric meteors were perceived either before, during, or after the earthquake; whence the Author infers that those philosophers are mistaken who ascribe earthquakes to subterraneous electrical explosions, and make them depend exclusively on a rupture of the electrical equilibrium.

It is almost superfluous to say, that the animals were the first to announce the approach of the earthquake: many persons also experienced extraordinary sensations before it commenced,—some vertigo, some a particular sensation of heat in the legs, others a kind of stupor; effects which principally depended on the greater or less degree of irritability of the nervous system of the persons who experienced them.

The Author then proceeds to explain the phenomenon, which he seems to be convinced was caused by gases disengaged by the fermentation experienced in the interior of the earth by divers substances: impregnated with certain fluids. None of his theories are new, and it is surprising that he has been guilty of two important omissions; the first, that he passes too lightly over the possible and probable influence of Volcanoes upon Earthquakes. "Nobody," he says, "can think that Etna was the cause of the late event." The other omission is that of the system which ascribes these shocks to the most incoercible force that nature affords, that of water suddenly converted by fire into steam. The well-known effects applied to mechanics, tend to a more natural explanation than any of those proposed by the Author.

The number of persons killed or wounded on this occasion was 189.

\* It is very difficult to admit this direction in the motion: for there must have resulted a nearly circular disruption, in that portion of the ground which would thus have turned on a vertical axis; and such a disruption must have left evident traces.

† One hundred canne, each containing 8 palms, are 212½ English yards.



## Sufism.

*A Treatise on Sufism, or Mahomedan Mysticism, by Lieutenant J. W. Graham, Linguist to the 1st Battalion 6th Bombay Native Infantry.—From the Bombay Literary Transactions.*

*Sufi* implies wise, devout, spiritual, &c. and is derived from *Sefa*, purity, clearness, or from *Suf*, wool, woollen garments being worn by this order. The *Sûfis* are of any sect, and their distinction consists in abstraction from temporal concerns and devotion to the sole contemplation of the soul and the Deity. They are, in short, religious enthusiasts,—the ascetics of the East, who by austerities and mortifications give out that they mentally approach divinity, and hold intercourse with the God of Nature.

It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the peculiar tenets of these devotees but in so far as they are illustrated by the miracles which they ascribe to such of their brethren as have attained the highest degree of perfection in this world. These fables are related of Sufism in its fourth or grand state, where the spirit has got the victory over the body, and are universally believed by orthodox Mussulmans.

1. A very wonderful personage among the *Sûfis* is Munsoor Halaj, who claimed divinity, or the fourth state and stage of this mystical system; he used to say and continually repeat the words *onul hug*, that is, "I am the truth," meaning God, being one of his grand epithets. The circumstance took place thus—He had observed his sister go out very frequently at night; thinking this rather strange, as she went out alone, he was resolved to watch her and see where she went to: he did so, and found she went to a company of celestial spirits, being the *Hoor* or virgins of Paradise who were administering nectar or the immortal beverage of theirs to her: seeing this, and thinking that after she had drunk she might leave a drop or two at the bottom, he went, took up the cup, and drank the drop or two which did remain, though his sister did every thing to prevent him, saying that he would not be able to contain it or restrain the effects thereof, that it would be the occasion of much trouble coming to him, and ultimately his death; which was verified by the sequel; for from that time he was continually exclaiming "I am the truth," as aforementioned; or in other words more impressive, the meaning and sense of the letter being the same, "I am God."

This was of course very offensive to the *ahil Sherâa*, or observers of the canonical law, who sentenced him thereby to be impaled alive. When the people came to take him for that purpose, he said, before they arrived, that they were coming to apprehend him, and that he should be impaled alive; that he did not suffer, for man did not know any thing of him. When they had taken him to the stake, and were putting him on it, they could not effect it, for he appeared in a sitting posture in the air at a small distance over the stake; and this was repeated several times: the story goes, that his spirit then ascended to the imperial vault of heaven, when he saw the Prophet (Mahomed); that he spoke to him, and asked if he should permit himself to suffer under these circumstances. The Prophet showed him a hole in a wall, and said it was ordained and written in the book of fate, that that place (the hole in the wall) was to be as a sign or niche for the stake on which he (Munsoor) was to be impaled alive. The Prophet acknowledged that he had arrived to the state of *wasilit* and that saying "I am God" was just and true; but, for the sake of *Shiryât* and religion, that he should permit himself to suffer, otherwise there would be an end to religion, and men would be led astray and pay no attention to practical worship, or ever worship the invisible God in spirit, but take men and visible objects, possessing his spirit, for their adoration. On this, Munsoor Halaj's spirit descended, and permitted the body to take the course of nature.

When he was then about to be impaled he called a disciple of his to him and imparted the secret to him, by making him then acquainted with the different states, and moreover told him, that after he had quitted the body they would turn it and throw the ashes thereof into the sea, that the same voice would issue forth, that is, *An ul hug*, "I am the truth," and that the sea would boil and swell to a great height and overflow all the land. In order to prevent that, he directed him to go to his place, and take a *godhra* of his (a kind of old patched counterpane of shreds, which *Fuqers* frequently have to lie down upon and throw over their shoulders), and place it on the rising waves of the sea; when they would cease, and return to their former state. At the time of his being impaled, this same voice was heard; after he was dead, the same; and when they had burnt the body, and thrown the ashes thereof into the sea, the same voice issued forth;—that element not being able to contain the divine particle so fully, boiled and rose to an immense height, when it was overflowing the land, but was suppressed by the disciple throwing the *godhra* over it. There is a distich or two made upon this occasion by one *Shibli* a poet, and *Sûfi* of the same order, that is *Mejezoob*; he is down in the small list of *Mejezoob*, Sheikh *Abobeker Shibli*;—he is represented asking the Almighty why Munsoor suffered; and the reply is annexed thus:—

**Question.** *Shibli* put this question to the palace of the gracious lord,—Why did the prince put Munsoor on the impaling stake?

**Answer.** Munsoor was acquainted with every thing, (but) was a friend who discovered secrets and mysteries:

Whoever makes public mysteries and hidden things, this is his punishment.

2. I shall relate one more story, and that is of the celebrated *Shems Tebrez*, one of whose extraordinary odes I have already quoted. The story runs thus:—The king of the country had an only son, who fell sick and died; he was naturally very much grieved, and his grief was so extravagant that he was determined to have this son brought to life: he therefore assembled all the *Cauzies* (expounders of the law) and learned men of his city, told them the circumstance, and that he was determined to have his son restored to life, otherwise he would put them all to death: after saying that, he confined them, and enjoined them to take their measures accordingly to restore his son to life. None of them having that power, they remained a considerable time in confinement;—at last they bethought themselves of *Shems Tebrez*, and, from his sanctity and austere mode of life, concluded that if any one could, he could raise the dead to life. He was sent for, and told the occasion; when he said he knew their designs, and that it was a snare laid for him, and that they intended to take away his life. They begged of him very much, representing the state the king was in, that he was determined to take away all their lives, the merit there would be in his serving them, and, moreover, that there was a tradition of the Prophet (Mahomed) that some of his religion and followers should be able to raise the dead to life by their own order; they hoped that he would verify that, as he had the power to perform, and the authority of the Prophet, acting only in consonance to his tradition. *Shems Tebrez* consented at last, under all these circumstances, though he observed again he knew the wile and deceit in their hearts; that he should be brought to account by the *Shiryat*, and punished accordingly. He then ordered a sheet to be brought, and threw it over the corpse of the prince; then stretching himself on the body, he said, *Koom ba izue*, which is, "Rise by my order." The corpse was immediately restored to life, the king to joy; the learned men were released. After all this, they summoned him before the tribunal of the *Shiryat*, or ecclesiastical court as we should say, to account for his making use of such expressions:—it was not because he raised the dead to life, for others did it before him, but his saying *Koom ba izue*, "Rise by my order;" whereas even Jesus himself only said, when he raised the dead to life, *Koom ba izmillah*, "Rise by the order of the Lord." (This is a manifest error, but it is their story; Christ's general order was *Cumi* or *Koom*, "Arise," which is the same in Hebrew as in Arabic; *Elisha* might have said so when he raised the *Shunamite's* child to life, as he prayed unto the Lord.) He acknowledged it, and said he was ready to undergo any punishment the law might ordain, which on being referred to was slaying alive. When the sentence was ordered to be put into execution, no knives could cut him, though they tried in different parts; his body was become invulnerable. It is related, that he ascended in spirit to one of the heavens, where he saw a most superb tent belonging to the Prophet (Mahomed) stretched out, and the Prophet within it; but the tent had a rent, and the sun was shining through it full in the Prophet's face, to his inconvenience:—*Shems Tebrez* asked him the reason of this, and said that it should be mended: the Prophet replied that it was the tent of *Shiryat*, and that the rent therein was occasioned by him (*Shems Tebrez*) in the above instance, by acting thus against *Shiryat*, and that it could only be mended by his undergoing the punishment due thereto; which he assented to. After this spiritual intercourse, he told the doctors and teachers of the law to cut the skin from his feet; or rather he himself made an incision at his toe; from thence they stripped off the whole of the skin of his body. When they had thus flayed him, he requested his own skin, as the letter of the law was fulfilled: they gave it to him. This he made his *khirgh* or dervish's habit, threw it over his shoulders, and went away. These doctors, moreover, warned the people under severe penalty not to entertain *Shems Tebrez*, or give him any thing to eat or drink. After he had thus remained some days without meat or drink, as no one would give him any, he went at last to the outskirts of the town, where there was a dead ox:—having cut a piece out of it, he went again begging some one to dress it for him, or give him fire; but no one now would suffer him to come near, on account of his whole body being an entire ulcer full of pus and maggots, and the intolerable stench proceeding from it. At last, after wandering about a considerable time, and seeing no one would dress it for him or give him fire, being then as it were driven to necessity, he ordered the sun to descend from the firmament and come nearer to broil his meat:—it immediately obeyed the summons, when the natural consequences may be expected:—every one then, with the prince at the head, and the learned and great men who reduced him to this state, implored him to relieve their sufferings by ordering the sun to return to its station; which he granted.

3. There was a *Fuqer* of this (*Sûfi*) order, whom after his decease and burial the two examining angels *Moonkir* and *Nikîr*\* came to. On asking him the tenets of his faith, the cynical philosopher deigned not to reply to that, but said "Bring me a hookah." The examining angels were astonished, left him, flew directly to the divine presence, and related the circumstance;—a voice issued from the throne that it should be granted him, as he was his (the Lord's) friend and beloved. They consequently returned to the grave with the hookah, and presented it. After smoking it some time, and at last puffing out a whole column of smoke, which condensed itself on the opposite side of the grave, he then told them to look there for the tenets of his faith. They did so, and perceived the essential creed amongst the Mussulmans in large character, "There is no god but God, and Mahomed is the prophet of God." They were satisfied, and went away.

\* These are the two examining angels, who come to the graves. This visit is called *Hibbootak Keber*, or "The beating of the grave." Vide Sale's Preliminary Discourse to the Koran.

## Madame Catalani.

Madame Angélica Catalani was born in 1780, at Sinigaglia, in the Roman States. Her parents were persons of respectability. She was educated at the Convent of Gubio, where her exquisite voice soon rendered her so conspicuous, that the nuns, jealous of her superiority, succeeded in prohibiting her from singing in the church. A Cardinal, whose name we do not know, furnished her with the means of cultivating her musical talent. At the age of fourteen she quitted the Convent, and made such rapid progress in vocal music, that she soon ventured publicly to compete with the two famous singers *Marchesi* and *Crescentini*. She placed herself under the tuition of a celebrated Italian songstress, *Anna Moricetti Bosello*, who treated her with the affection of a mother;—Madame Bosello died about the close of the year 1800, and bequeathed a diamond ring of considerable value to her pupil. Signora Catalani shone successively at the theatres of Venice, Milan, Florence, and Rome. She was invited to the Court of Lisbon, where she remained four years, with a pension of 2,400 cruzadoes. From thence she proceeded to Madrid with letters of recommendation to the Queen who loaded her with favours. One concert which she gave in that capital, produced a sum nearly equal to 3,600*l*. She quitted Spain to visit France, and was received with such distinction in all the towns through which she passed, that her journey resembled a triumphal procession. At Paris she gave four concerts, which attracted immense crowds, notwithstanding the exorbitant price of the tickets, which were sold at one louis each.

In 1806 she visited England, where new celebrity awaited her. In England she acquired enormous sums of money, by her public concerts, and the liberality of wealthy individuals who engaged her to sing at their own houses. During her residence in Great Britain, it is calculated that she gained the immense sum of 90,000 guineas.

At the beginning of the year 1814, Madame Catalani returned to France, where the King granted her permission to establish an entertainment which combined the Opera seria and the Opera buffa, and for which she obtained the use of the *Salle Favart*, one of the finest and best situated theatres in Paris. She was for a considerable time sole proprietor and manager of this theatre, which possesses the best orchestra in Europe, under the direction of the celebrated Paer. She has lately visited various parts of Germany and Italy, and was at Aix-la-Chapelle during the meeting of the Congress. Wherever she goes she excites a degree of enthusiasm which it is impossible to describe. Her countenance, which still retains all the freshness of youth, her noble and elegant figure, irreproachable conduct, singular modesty, and a most amiable temper, add fresh lustre to her extraordinary talent.

About eleven years ago, Madame Catalani married M. Talabregues, formerly an officer in the French service; but she probably considers it advantageous to retain, so long as she may perform in public, the name under which she acquired her celebrity. Madame Catalani is the mother of three children, of whom two were born in London, and one in Paris. During her late journey through Germany and Italy, she was accompanied by her husband, her pupil Miss Corri, who made her *début* last season at the King's Theatre, and Signor Bolaffi, a tenor. The two latter were not much admired in Germany. As a composer, Bolaffi does not deserve to be mentioned; he is a bad singer, and so indifferent a performer on the piano, that his accompaniments would not have been endured at Madame Catalani's concerts but for the respect shewn to his protectress.

Certain vocal graces, which are now somewhat out of date, but of which Madame Catalani seems particularly fond; a predilection for en-harmonic *roulades*, which seldom please; and also her choice of music; have been condemned by the Germans, who are acknowledged to be excellent Judges;—but these are trivial faults, which, in an artist of such distinguished merit may be regarded as singularities rather than imperfections, and will not prevent all who are sensible to the charms of melody, from proclaiming Madame Catalani the first singer in Europe.

Madame Catalani was lately performing at Ghent. The admiration she excites there, may be judged of from the following criticism in the Ghent Journal, which we translate literally, notwithstanding the prejudicial abuse it contains of our national air, "*God save the King*."

A numerous and brilliant audience, composed of all the distinguished individuals at Ghent there assembled at Madame Catalani's last concert. The voice of this celebrated Lady is an instrument which surpasses all that human genius has invented, and she plays upon it in a style of true Italian perfection. What purity of accentuation, and expression, in her recitative! With what facility she runs through the musical scale, without suffering a single note to escape the attentive and charmed ears of her audience!

The magic of Madame Catalani's voice imparted grace even to the dull psalmody of "*God save the King*," which was called for by only one individual. This mournful ditty was listened to in compliment to the singer, "*God save the King*" is an old composition of the reign of James II.

The present King, who, before his misfortune, was allowed to be a good musician, thought very lightly of this composition, which he attributed to a singer named Mathias Cock. Doubtless some praiseworthy sentiments attaches the English to this hymn; but that sentiment cannot be shared by the people of other countries. The national air of England cannot belong to any other nation, and allowing it to be performed, augurs neither dignity nor public spirit.

## Duke of Wellington.

### INDIAN ANECDOTE.

There is a particular race of Hindoos in that part of India called the Deccan, who are known by the appellation of Bunjaras. When armies take the field in the East, where provisions are so uncertain, the Bunjaras supply the place of Commissariat. By the aid of many thousands of bullocks they transport abundance of grain about, and, moving with the camp, open at every halt a market for the disposal of their stores. An interesting account of their origin, history, and manners, is contained in the newly published volume of the *Bambay Literary Transactions*; but we allude to it, at present, without any design to analyse it, and simply to extract a very characteristic story of one their Naigs, or Chiefs, and the then Lord Wellington:—

Although the Bunjaras have, generally speaking, performed their contracts with the British government with great probity, yet it would appear that they have been actuated more by motives of personal interest or fear than by innate principles of honour. In the campaign of Colonel Dalrymple in 1800, there was one instance of their want of fidelity: in the campaign of Marquis Wellington there were two others. The first was the actual march of a small tauda (horde) to join the enemy, which was intercepted by an officer of the name of Dooly Khan, commanding a body of the Nizam's horse: he reported the circumstance to Lord Wellington, who wrote to Dooly Khan to confiscate the grain, and hang the Naig of the tauda. The Nizam's officer, however, neglected to execute the latter part of the order, but appropriated the grain to the use of his troops; and, as a very curious incident arose from this circumstance, I shall relate it, although not immediately connected with the subject; it will however tend to shew in what veneration Lord Wellington's character was then held, and also evince the degree of penetration into men's characters which some of the Indians possess.

In the year 1808, five years after the circumstance which has been mentioned took place, the very Naig who was going over to the enemy, hearing that Lieutenant-colonel Barclay (who had been adjutant-general with Marquis Wellington in the Deccan) was then the town-major of Madras, went to him and complained that Dooly Khan had in the year 1803 or 1804 seized a large quantity of grain, for which he had never accounted. Colonel Barclay was imposed on by the story, and wrote to a friend at Hyderabad to interest himself with the Resident, Captain Thomas Sydenham, to recover the money from Dooly Khan. Accordingly Captain Sydenham some time afterwards begged that Dooly Khan would call on him on business. After being seated the subject was introduced, and the Bunjara Naig called in. Dooly Khan instantly recollected the circumstance, and said, "I have got about me the order to hang that old man;" and produced among a number of other letters which he took out of his turban, the identical letter. Of course the Bunjaras ceased to follow to the ground, and Captain Sydenham congratulated him on his fortunate escape. Captain Sydenham, however, could not help asking Dooly Khan how he came to have the letters of Sir A. Wellesley (as he then was) about him; "Since," said he, "you could not have been aware of the subject upon which I requested this visit." "No," said the chieftain, "that's true; but you see in that packet every letter I ever received from General Wellesley; and I keep them always close to my person, or on my head out of respect for the talents and capacity of a man whose equal I never saw, either as a soldier or politician: and while I possess these, I am convinced I shall meet with no harm; they are in fact," said he, "a talisman."

*Advertisement.*—The following remarkable Advertisement appears in one of the English Papers that has reached us.

May Heaven reward, with endless blessings, those  
Who kindly soothe th' unhappy Sufferer's woes!

Foiled in every attempt to procure some little situation which might yield even a trifling aid, in addition to the miserable Pension of Twelve Pounds—only sevenpence three-farthings a day!—A POOR OLD OFFICER (long since honoured with the most gracious commands of his King, that he should be comfortably provided for, as the first Purser in the Navy, who lost a limb in action), is, at seventy-two, so much afflicted and distressed, as actually to perish through want, unless graciously relieved by the truly Humane, Generous, and Noble. He therefore ventures most humbly to intreat their benevolent assistance. And may the Almighty reward their goodness with perfect felicity for ever!—The smallest donations graciously left for, or addressed to the Poor Old Naval Officer, at Mr. Chapple's, Book-seller, 66, Pall-mall, will be most gratefully received.

*Anecdote.*—A short time since a mixed company at one of the cantonments in India were eulogizing the poetical merits of Lord Byron. After a variety of elaborate declamations on the genius displayed in "*Childe Harold*," in which all were endeavouring to display knowledge, taste, and critical acumen, an enraptured amateur declared, that "*Byron was undoubtedly a genuine son of the Muse of Poesy*;"—the company were entertained by the following burst of praise, from an energetic Milesian; "*Arrah, my jewel, now be assy, the Muse of Poesy! by my soul, Lord Byron is a son of the whole nine of the hussies; and moreover had the Graces, for a godmother, my honey.*"

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## Asiatic Sepulchres.

*From Observations on a Journey from Constantinople to Brussa and Mount Olympus, and thence back to Constantinople by the way of Nice and Nicomedia. By Joseph Von Hammer. Published at Pest.*

The great Sheikh *Al-Bostami*,\* who was born in the year of the Higeria 803 (1400), and died in the year of the Higeria 875 (1470), during the reign of Sultan Mohammed II. and who was the author of several learned commentaries on grammatical and theological works, is supposed to have been buried in Brussa; but of this fact some doubts are entertained, for his tomb is also stated to be in the Eyoub Mosque at Constantinople.

It is certain, however, that Brussa contains the remains of the great judge *Al-Fenari*,† who on his return from Persia, where he had studied at Herat, in the reign of Sultan Mohammed II. was created a professor in the colleges of Sultan Orkhan and Sultan Murad II. and was next appointed judge of Brussa. Under Sultan Bajazet II. he filled for the space of eighty years, the honourable office of military judge of Rumili. He then retired to his native city, and resided during three parts of the year in his country-house on Mount Olympus, and in town during the winter, giving instructions every day in the week, except Tuesdays and Fridays. He died in the year 834 of the Higeria (1430), and was interred in his college.

*Khosreff Ibn Khair*, the author of the great work on judicial philosophy, entitled *Durier a ghurur*, flourished in the age of Mohammed II. He is interred at Brussa beside *Seineddin Haffi*, and the little obscure cell in which he composed the above-classical monument of Osmanic jurisprudence, still exists.

*Mola Khosreff*, the great Lawyer, must not be confounded with *Mola Khosreff* the celebrated poet, the author of the Turkish *Shirin*, which he wrote on Mount Olympus, amidst the rustling of pine-trees, and the murmuring of the pure mountain springs, which sweetly resound in his poetry.

The poet *Khiali*, that is to say, that Kingdom of Fancy, a name which he received from the lofty flights of his imagination, is interred at Brussa, together with *Vassi Ali*, the author of the *Humayunname*, namely, the Turkish translation of the celebrated apologues, called *Bidpai*, which are regarded as masterpieces of Turkish prose.

*Mola Khosreff*, the first romantic poet, and *Vassi Ali*, the first tasteful prose writer of the Osmania, gathered, in the variegated plains of Brussa, the flowers of poetry and rhetoric, with which their immortal works are adorned, and blended in their compositions the superb colouring of Nature's pictures with the music of groves and water-falls. They spent the happiest of their days while learning and teaching on the summit of Olympus, surrounded by the singing of birds and the murmuring of flutes, and they now repose at the foot of the mountains, still distributing, in the cold shades of the grave, the fountain of life which flows through their immortal works.

Having mentioned these six distinguished jurists and poets, who are celebrated in Osmania history as the six first Sultans interred in Brussa, the remaining multitude of *Sheiks*, *Mufts*, *Imams* and *Ulemas*, who repose here, are scarce worthy of notice.

The most celebrated *Sheiks*, or chiefs of orders, buried at Brussa, are as follow: *Shaik Hadshi Khalfa*, chief of the *Bairami* order of the dervises, *Sheik Ali Balki*, chief of the *Nakshibendi* order of the dervises, and *Sheik Omer Ali*, chief of the *Khalvati* order of the dervises.

*Sheik Abdollatif Mokadesi*,† in the reign of Sultan Mohammed I. came from Konia to Brussa, where he built the monastery of *Seinler*, in which his remains were deposited. *Shaik Kiarasui*§ is interred opposite to the burial-place of the camel drivers, in a monastery which was built for them by Sultan Bajazet I.; he was the son of an Armenian Princess, who was married to a Prince of the family of *Akja Keyunli*.

There are many learned men of inferior rank to the above, such as *Abdolla Krini*, who in the reign of Sultan Murad II. was professor at *Mersifun*, and *Mola Yussuf Bali Ibn Yegan*: they were conjointly authors of a valuable work on the *Telvihi*. *Mevlana Elias Ben Ibrahim* was a celebrated short-hand writer. *Abdollah Efendi* and *Hassan Iskelebi*, were learned in the knowledge of traditions, and the art of expounding them.

Finally, *Asis Efendi*, the celebrated mufti and historian of the Osmania empire, a man of a remarkable talent, but of a singularly ambitious and restless disposition, who in his character of chief officer of the law, for a considerable time disturbed the *Ulemas* and the court by his artifices, and was at length banished to Brussa, where he closed his career and his life. He is interred in the street near the burial-ground of the camel-drivers.

\* His full name is as follows: *Mola Sheikh Ali Ben-Medsheddin Mohammed Ben Mohammed Ben Messud Ben Mahmud Ben Mohammed Ben Mohammed Beol-Imam Fakreddin Mohammed Ben Omar Albstami, Al-bervi, Er-rasi Alkaruni*. The number of his works corresponds with the length of his name.

† *Mola Aladdin Ali Ben Yussuf Ibn Shemseddin Al-Fenari*.

‡ His full name is, *Abdollatif Mokadesi Ibn Abdorrahman Ibn Ali Ibn Ghannam Al-Assari*.

§ *Ebu Ishak Yorgabim Kiarasui*.

## Mausoleum at Aurungabad.

(With an Engraving, Plate XXI.)

This celebrated Tomb at Aurungabad, in the Dukhan, is justly ranked among the most chaste of the Mohammedan Structures in India; and is allowed by all who have seen it to be inferior only to the famous *Taje Mahal*, at Agra, in beauty of design and elegance of workmanship. From the drawings of the last edifice, which are sufficiently numerous throughout India, the Mausoleum of Aurungabad appears to resemble it in many particulars, though it is less profusely crowded with ornament.

The Sketch exhibited in the accompanying Engraving was hastily taken; but is conceived to be generally accurate enough to convey to those who may not have seen it, a competent idea of the style and outline of the building, and the disposition of its domes and minarets. It is built on a noble terrace, raised about fifteen feet from the ground. The body of the Tomb is square without, and octagonal within. At each corner of the terrace is a lofty minaret with projecting galleries, and in a line with them are caravanserais connecting them together, and forming the outer square.

The whole of the outer face of the building is constructed of ordinary stone, with the exception of the dome, which is of white marble. Each of the minarets is crowned with an octagonal turret, ornamented with the usual accompaniments of Mohammedan architecture. The turrets of the minarets are of red granite, but their cupolas of white marble, as in the great dome that covers the body of the Tomb.

The interior of the Tomb is constructed entirely of white marble, the greater part of which is richly sculptured; and a shrine which encloses the dust of one of the favorite mistresses of Aurungzebe, whose memory is thus honored, is exquisitely wrought.

It is lamentable to observe here, as well as in other parts of India, the state of decay into which those beautiful specimens of eastern architecture are suffered to fall. It appears that His Highness the Nizam, in whose dominions this Mausoleum lies, takes no further care about it, than merely suffering an old Faqueer to remain there as a *Durwan* at the grand gateway, for the purpose of shewing the Tomb to strangers, and receiving their donations for his trouble.

In the part represented in the Engraving, the lines are intended to mark the places of porticoes and fountains, which formerly adorned the space around the building, but which are now in ruins, and nothing of its former garden remains but the *debris* of these works, and a few withered cypresses in the places where the trees stand.

During a stay of about a fortnight, which I made at Aurungabad, I completed a large Drawing of the Mausoleum, in which the minutest details were delineated on the spot; but I have since unfortunately lost this, as well as several written memoranda regarding it. The accompanying Sketch is therefore hastily done from memory, but the impressions made on my mind at the time of my making the larger drawing, were so vivid, that I have no doubt it will be found a tolerably accurate representation.

If I am equally correct in my recollections of the interior, there is an inscription within the edifice, which records the date of the foundation and completion, and states the whole expence of the undertaking, but I do not distinctly remember either the years or the sum mentioned.

Your's &c.  
OBSERVATOR:

August 25, 1819.

## Varieties.

Besides the comets discovered in the constellations of *Pegasus* and *Hydra*, a third has been discovered at the observatory of *Königsberg*. This last is in the constellation of the *Swan*; it is not visible to the naked eye.

A Correspondent says, "It may perhaps be worthy of remark, how largely *Florian*, in his *Numa Pompilius*, livre 4, has availed himself of *Voltaire's* translation of a part of *l'Arancane*, by *Don Alonso D'Ercilla*, which he gives in his *Essai sur la Poésie Epique*, chapitre 8."

In considering the projected search for the supposed treasures of the *Tiber*, it is curious to observe a coincidence in *Madame de Staël's Corinna*, and how many years it is since she nearly foretold what has taken place. Her words are, "Les plus beaux monuments des Arts, les plus admirables Statues ont été jeté dans le Tibre et sont caché sous le flots. Qui sait si pour les chercher on ne le détournera pass'un jour de son lit."—*Corinne*, tom. 1. 237.

Some inhabitants of the town of *Arles* having dug a spot of ground which the diminution of the waters of the *Rhone* had left uncovered, and which had been inundated from time immemorial, have found, amongst other relics of antiquity, a vase three feet high, and no less remarkable for the elegance of its shape than the perfection of its ornaments; a noble fragment of architecture, several coins, and a medal struck to celebrate the marriage of *Constantine*, with a great number of funeral urns, lacrymatories, and earthen lamps. The Prefect of the Department immediately ordered regular excavations to be made in that piece of ground, in the neighbourhood of which, it may be recollected that the *fine statue*, known under the appellation of the *Venus of Arles*, was found many years ago, and which probably still contains many precious *chefs d'œuvre* of antiquity.—*French Paper*.

## DELUSIONS.

When Feeling first begins her reign,  
What self-deceit is gura!  
The fancy we can not restrain,  
Bewilders and o'erpow'rs.  
Some idol do we raise in youth,  
More dear than all beside,  
Read in that warm heart bought but truth,  
And venture to confide;  
And when some kind and faithful friend  
Would show us where we stray,  
Alas! no willing ear we lend,  
But proudly turn away;  
The dear delusion still prefer,  
And wildly, fondly deem,  
That whom we love can never err,  
But must be what they seem;  
Pray for long life our faith to prove,  
And call the idle fancy—Love.

But soon is the delirium past!  
'Tis well for us 'tis so,  
It is too warm, too bright to last,  
And this too late we know.  
Then we shed tears as sad as vain,  
Lament our foolish pride,  
And wish those days could come again,  
With such another guide.  
We value counsels once despis'd,  
And those so lov'd, so dear,  
Are priz'd, not as they once were priz'd,  
Because at length sincere.  
At once we from our idol fly,  
And this is deem'd—Inconstancy.

The mourners couch hath slumber flown,  
For many a weary hour,  
Until at length, by grief worn down,  
He feels its genial pow'r.  
The friends who watch'd his haggard cheek,  
And sicken'd as they view'd,  
And trembled lest the heart should break,  
Feel some faint hopes renew'd.  
The tear, perhaps, hath ceas'd to flow,  
And calm perhaps he seems,  
While yet the bitter sense of woe  
Pursues him in his dreams.  
Yet they who mark'd his pale lids close,  
Deceiv'd, have call'd that sleep—*Repose*.

And some do trifle life away  
In pleasures light and vain,  
And wonder that in world so gay  
So many can complain;  
Nor once their pray'rs to Him address,  
Who all those pleasures gave,  
Till age steals on, their mirth t'arrest,  
By pointing to the grave.  
By sickness taught to think at last,  
They tremble at their doom,  
With shame behold the time that's past,  
With terror that to come.  
To Heav'n a last resource, they fly,  
And dare to call it—*Pity*.

Hath one a parent's hope betray'd,  
And caus'd his bitterest tears?  
By dark ingratitude repaid  
The tenderness of years?  
Prepar'd for those that lov'd him best,  
A sad untimely grave,  
Nor to the heating heart been prest,  
Till 'tis too late to save?  
Then, when remorse knows no control,  
Beside the sufferer's bed,  
Some natural feelings wring the soul,  
Some natural tears are shed.  
A few short hours his care shall bless,  
And this is—*Filial Tenderness*.

Oh! when my latest hour shall come,  
May no such pangs be mine,  
That I with smiles may meet my doom,  
And gladly life resign.  
So I shall own those moments blest,  
And call, with truth, Death's slumber—*Rest*.

January 27th, 1819.

HELEN.

## On the Birth-day of an English Lady in India.

There is a bond that spirits know,  
A spell that binds the soul,  
Deserts may spread, and oceans flow,  
But far as pole from pole,  
Love, Love, its living watch will keep,  
Smile with our smile, our anguish weep,  
No—not a sigh that stole,  
In absence, distance, but shall find  
Its image in that kindred mind!  
Between us on this birth-day morn  
Sweet sea and desert dream;  
But Anna's heart at once was borne  
Across a hemisphere.  
She saw the fireside circle met;  
All that she loved—wept—weeps for yet,  
And was in spirit there;  
And pined to wing the rushing main,  
Like a pent dove for home again.  
The sun we saw this evening fade,  
This morning on her shone,  
The breeze may on her cheek have played,  
That touches now our own;  
At evening did not Anna's sigh  
Breathe to the western sky—our sky?  
Nay, now, upon the zone  
Where in his pomp sits, yon proud star,  
Turns not her gaze, like ours, afar?  
Then her's be health and happiness  
Through many a lingering year,  
Whose image to our hearts we press,  
As if we saw her here;  
Oh that the tale, as swift as light,  
Could reach her, how we meet to-night,  
To keep her memory dear;  
Not one by chance or fate removed,  
Of all who loved her, all she loved. TRISSINO.

To the Writer of some fine Lines, in the Literary Gazette, 'On the death of a celebrated Artist.'

When Genius from its darkness springs,  
The world adores its blaze;  
But when the sudden twilight clings  
Around its sun-bright phase,  
The world's cold eye deserts the spot  
Where last its burning lustre shot.  
Who on the grave will gaze?  
Oh Woman! thy delicious eye  
Alone is truth and memory.  
Love has its tear, but, Helen, thine  
Was not Love's bitter tear.  
Thy heart is still an untouch'd shrine!  
'Twas Genius mourning there;  
A Vestal weeping o'er the urn  
Where Heaven's high rays no longer burn.  
The sacred heart was clear,  
Tho' tears fell from that radiant eye,  
Like stars from Midnight's glorious sky.  
If I must perish, while my soul  
Is yet but dream on dream;  
If, ere in bodied splendour roll  
My spirits cloudy gleam,  
It sinks like an extinguished sphere,  
My sole supremacy a bier—  
Let Helen's dark eye stream  
On the cold sleeper in its gloom—  
My spirit asks no nobler tomb. TRISSINO.

## SONNET.

They tell me of her perfect shape, 'tis true,  
But at her sight less earthly feelings rise,  
And, file the beam that thro' the darkness flies,  
The living brightness, not the form, I view.  
They tell me of the never-fading blue  
That spreads its pleasant summer in her eyes;  
To me a spirit looks from out those skies,  
That with his radiance banishes their hue.  
Tho' in my breast is treasured love untold,  
I scarce can praise the face by others praised,  
For there, o'er-curtain'd with the softest gold,  
Expression sits in light; and I, amazed,  
With her full-majesty, but half behold  
The heavenly moulded throne on which she's raised  
E. W.

## THE SONG OF ANTAR.

A Literal Translation from the Arabic.

IBLA—I love thee with a warrior's love  
Thy very shadow is my happiness,  
Thou rulest all the pulses of my heart,  
My queen, my spirit's hope, and faith, and love!  
I cannot paint thy beauty, for it leaves  
All picturing pale. Were I to say the moon  
Looks in her mid night glory like thy brow;  
Where is the wild sweet speaking of thine eye?  
Or that thy shape was stately as the palm;  
Can all its waving blossoms show thy grace?  
Thy forehead's whiteness is my rising sun,  
Thy ebony tresses, wreathing it like night,  
Like night bewilder me. Thy brilliant teeth  
Are pearls, if the blue ocean's gems could live;  
Thy bosom is a white enchantment! Heav'n,  
That made it in perfection, guard its peace,  
Ibla—'twas blessing to be at thy side,  
But now my world is darkness—for thou'rt gone.  
Thy look was to my life what evening dew  
Is to the drooping rose; thy single glance  
Went swifter, deeper, to thy lover's heart,  
Than spear or scimitar; and still I gaze  
Hopeless on thee, as on the glorious moon,  
For thou like her art bright—like her above me.

TRISSINO.

## TO A LADY.

Not the sun when he's brightest  
More dazzling than thou,  
Nor the cloud when 'tis lightest  
More, vain than thy vow!  
The sun when he's smiling  
Oft melts in a tear,  
Dost thou, falsely wiling  
Thus weep o'er despair?  
When the dark cloud's receding  
He smiles as before;  
When thy victim lies bleeding  
Thou smilest no more.

## "THINK ON ME!"

Think on me, while Pleasure's wreathing  
Flow'ry chaplets for your hair;  
Think that I the while am breathing  
Vows as hopeless as despair.  
Forget not one whose ev'ry feeling  
Beats for love and thee,  
But let one tear in secret stealing  
Tell thou yet canst think on me.  
When pleasure thro' my breast is gleaming  
May the joy to thine be known!  
But when the secret tear is streaming  
May my sorrow be my own.  
And when at last my breath receding  
Sets thy hapless victim free,  
With humid eye and bosom bleeding  
Then at least thou'lt think on me!

## FABLE FROM THE PERSIAN.

(Communicated.)

A mouse there was, that in its idle dreams,  
Supposed itself a camel on the plains;  
When it awoke, so smooth and sleek its skin,  
It thought so still, to say the least, akin;  
It so fell out, that travelling that road,  
A loaded camel passed by its abode;  
Some small utensil from the burden fell,  
And crush'd the mouse, oh! horrible to tell!  
Sweet are the dreams, O King, that turn out true,  
But sad the visions, which we're forc'd to rue!  
Not 1000 miles from Ganjam, }  
August 18, 1819. }

\* Ambitious hopes realised.  
† The reverse of the former.